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Obsequies of the late

John W. Maury.

DISCOURSE,

DELIVERED AT THE

Funeral of John W. Maury,

TRINITY CHURCH, WASHINGTON,

FEBRUARY 4, 1855.

BY

REV. GEORGE D. CUMMINS,

RECTOR.

WITH AN APPENDIX.

WASHINGTON:

PRINTED BY GEORGE S. GIDEON.

1855.

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DISCOURSE.

“REMEMBER HOW SHORT MY TIME IS: WHEREFORE HAST THOU MADE ALL
MEN IN VAIN?”—PSALM 89 : 47.

WE stand to-day in the presence of an overwhelming affliction. It is no ordinary sorrow that casts its shadow upon us. A whole community mourns the loss of a good citizen, faithful and true. This church mourns the loss of a firm and valued friend and supporter. Yonder bereaved household mourns the loss of its revered and beloved head, the tender, loving husband and father; and many a home of poverty and obscurity mourns that the hand so often extended for its relief now lies cold and still upon the bosom.

We have, however, another work to perform than merely to excite your sympathies; bear with us, then, while we turn from these personal allusions, to improve the sad event to our souls' good, and to draw from the Psalmist's words the great lessons of truth and duty, so appropriate to the occasion.

It is a difficult question to settle, how far the truth of man's immortality was known to the Old Testament Saints. There are those who hold that the doctrine of immortality was entirely unknown to them, and that the Old Testament Scriptures are wanting in any allusion to the great truth. On the other hand, many contend that this truth was held as clearly and as intelligibly, by believers before the advent of Christ as by ourselves. The truth of the case seems to lie midway between these two opinions. The first is an opinion repugnant to all our notions of the character of God. We cannot believe that He would permit such faithful servants as Abraham, and Moses, and Samuel, and David, and the prophets, to go down to the grave ignorant of any life beyond this in which they should enjoy His presence and reap the reward of well-doing. And if it could be proved that the Old Testament Scriptures are without clear statements of this truth, yet God proclaimed it to his people by a more convincing evidence. The translations of Enoch and Elijah were visible demonstrations of a life beyond the tomb.

The other opinion, that this truth was as fully revealed to them as to us, it is difficult to reconcile with the declaration that Christ hath "brought life and immortality to light by the Gospel." And this passage would seem to give us a clue to the true solution; that

the doctrine of the soul's immortality was indeed held by the Old Testament Saints, but dimly, as it were, through a glass, darkly—not in its full radiance, not in the bright light vouchsafed to us—yet held firmly enough to serve as a basis for their faith, and to excite their hopes of the glorious “recompense of reward.”

And it is by this statement that we are able to explain many passages in the Old Testament, which seem to indicate despair concerning the soul's immortality. Such a passage is the text. It indicates one of those severe struggles between doubt and faith in man's immortality. It is, if we may so call it, an *eclipse* of faith; a dark shadow rises between the soul and this glorious truth. And yet it is but an *eclipse*; the shadow passes over, and the Psalmist exults, “Thou wilt not leave my soul in the grave; thou shalt guide me by thy counsel, and afterwards receive me to glory.”

We have a different use now to make of the text. The Psalmist's doubt, expressed in the question, “wherefore hast thou made all men in vain?” was the result of a meditation upon the shortness of human life—“remember how short my time is!”

And it is our design now to show that if we miss the true significance of life, a meditation like that of his, will ever lead us to this result, “I am made in vain, seeing my time is so short!”

Life is the deepest of all mysteries if we miss the key to unlock it. It is a riddle, a puzzle, a thing wrapped in inexplicable darkness and gloom, on any theory but one.

Let us view it from the standing-points of a worldly philosophy, and behold how great is the mystery resting upon the pathway of life.

I. Take then the theory of life according to this world's judgment.

What, we ask, is the great object of life? Happiness, is the reply: not the reply from an Epicurean school, confounding *pleasure* and happiness, but the reply from a nobler and better school. Happiness, it tells us, is the true end of life; enjoyment; fruition; that a man should enjoy the fruit of his labor under the sun. The perfection of man, physical and intellectual, the development of the faculties of the mind, the ripening of the soul into maturity of judgment, and the mellow wisdom of age.

Such is the ordinary theory of life. But if this be the true theory of life, what terrible facts exist to prove that God has made man in vain.

1. See, first, the death of so vast a number of our race in infancy. On this theory, what a profound mystery hangs over the fact, that one-third of the human family perishes in childhood. What is the meaning of this? Is

it in mere wantonness, or for pastime, that nature makes sport of so precious a thing as human life? Who can solve this problem? If the true theory of life be, that it is for the perfection of the individual, then have not the countless myriads who die in childhood been made in vain, seeing their time is so short?

2. Take again the death of the young man. Gifted and aspiring, consecrated to lofty aims, his loins girded for the race set before him, life's long and beautiful vista stretching away in the distance, the angel of hope by his side, pointing to the shining table-lands of success:—just then he falls.

“He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the wayside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life.”

If, then, the great object of life be the perfection of the individual, who will deny that in him at least it is unaccomplished?

3. But pass on to a more advanced position on the highway of life. Take the death of the matured man in the midst of his labors, when most heavily burdened. It is the summer of life; its fruits are yet unripe: the season of preparation has just passed by, and conscious of expanding powers, he presses on “like a giant refreshed with new wine.” Alas! the scythe of the

Reaper has cut him off in the midst of his days; a broken shaft is his appropriate cenotaph as the symbol of an unfinished work—an unperfected life. On this theory of life, has he not lived “in vain,” seeing that “his time is so short?”

4. Go on, yet again, to the next stage: the autumn of life—the period of fruition; and here what a sad truth meets us! It is this—that so little time is left for the fruition of man’s labors, even if life be extended to its limit! How large a portion of life is passed in childhood! How many years must be passed in the culture of mind! How much of the longest life is expended in acquiring; in the pursuit, not in the possession! The capitalist absorbs life in accumulating wealth; how little is the time left to enjoy it! The statesmen is rewarded by eminence only at a period when many winters have whitened his head; and that short time left to enjoy the labor of our hands is the period of all others when we are least capable of enjoyment.

II. What, then, is the key to unlock this deep mystery? What is the theory of life, which will reconcile the shortness of our time with the accomplishment of the great object of our creation?

It is this: Life is a *state of discipline* for a higher stage of existence beyond. *Life is a probation for eter-*

nity. Life is only a stage of preparation and of trial, for an endless existence beyond the tomb. Life is the school-time of the soul's youth, where it is trained and fitted for a manhood of action and enjoyment in eternity. Life is the antechamber to the glorious temple, at whose altars we must be fitted to serve.

What light is here! The mystery of our being is solved. Now, we can ponder the brevity of man's life, and still feel that we have not been made in vain. Short as human life is, it is long enough to accomplish its sublime end,—our education for life eternal. It is long enough to fit the soul for the presence of God; long enough to provide the soul a "building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Nay, its work of preparation for eternity is generally done in the first half of life, and but rarely afterwards.

Then, on the Christian theory of life, that it is a state of probation for eternity, the death of the young is no mystery. Life's great object may be effected by him who falls in life's brightest morning hour. And "the child may die an hundred years old." Not in vain has God made him who dies young, if he has lived for eternity; lived to make his calling and election sure. O life! short, fleeting—"a vapor," "a span," "a tale that is told," "a fading flower"—thou art long enough; long enough to enable man to prove that he was not made in

vain; long enough to educate the soul for immortal life; long enough, for moments are the seed-time for ages.

On this theory, how truly may we say, of our departed brother and friend, whom to-day we mourn, he has not been made in vain! If it be worth living for, to pass through life leaving an unspotted reputation and a good name, more precious than jewels,—then has he not lived in vain; for who ever stood before his fellow-men with a fairer escutcheon and a more untarnished name? If it be worth living for, to win the esteem of a whole community, the love of warm and devoted friends, and the respect of all men—then has he not lived in vain; for who ever possessed a larger share of the confidence, esteem, and love of society? If it is a noble object of human aspiration to fulfil all life's duties faithfully and fully—to be equal to every position—to bear life's burdens honorably to himself, and usefully to others—then has he not lived in vain. And if it be worth a lifetime's labor to gain the titles of the good citizen, the true-hearted friend, the generous philanthropist, the tender husband, the loving father—then, indeed, has he not lived in vain.

How fitly may the lines of the Christian poet, Wordsworth, be applied to him:—

“Who is the happy warrior? who is he

That every man in arms should wish to be?

'Tis he * * * *
 Whose high endeavors are an inward light
 That makes the path before him always bright :
 Who labors good on good to fix, and owes
 To virtue every triumph that he knows ;
 Who if he rise to station of command,
 Rises by open means ; and there will stand
 On honorable terms, or else retire,
 And in himself, possess his own desire ;
 Who, therefore, does not stoop or lie in wait
 For wealth, or honor, or for worldly state ;
 Whom they must follow, on whose head must fall
 Like showers of manna, if they come at all :
 Who while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
 His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause :
 This is the happy warrior ; this is he
 Whom every man in arms should wish to be."

And, above all, if the providing for eternity be life's great end, has he not been made in vain? True it is, that not until his life on earth was about to close, did he make an open profession of the religion of Christ in the ordinances of His church, and we can but lament that the great influence of his high character was not, by an open acknowledgment of his faith, thrown into the scale of the Redeemer. But who can doubt for a moment that he was unmindful of his duty to God, or of his obligation to a crucified Saviour? If it could

be a matter of doubt for a moment, the close of his life, so remarkable for calm, steadfast confidence in the atoning merits of Christ, would leave us without anxiety. Such a close of life, a Christian's death, marked by everything that makes the Christian's death triumphant, proves how strong and deep was the hold of Christianity upon his heart and life. It was not like a sudden death-bed conversion, but rather the sublime rooted confidence of a believer in Christ.

His death was marked by entire and cheerful resignation to the will of God. Though surrounded by everything for which one might wish to live, yet did he bow submissively to the will of his Father in heaven, without a murmur or a single complaint. It was not the passive yielding of the fatalist to destiny, nor the cold sternness of the stoic scorning to grieve; it was the Christian's confidence in the wisdom and goodness of God. When asked if he could commit the issue of his sickness to God, and resign himself into His gracious hands, he replied :—“ *Yes, all is peace, all is peace ; I am perfectly resigned to His will ; true, it would be grateful for me to live for the dear ones around me, but if it is the will of God that I should go, I can die without regret.*”

When asked on what his hopes for eternity were based, his earnest reply was :—“ *Only on the merits of the Saviour ; I have nothing in myself on which to depend,*

nor do I wish to deceive myself at this hour—it is not an hour for self-deception.”

Thus calmly and firmly did our dear brother rest his hopes of salvation upon the Cross of Christ and the blood of Jesus, “that cleanseth from all sin.” On this Rock of ages did he plant his feet as the waters of the river of death gathered about him. “Looking unto Jesus” did he now await the last conflict, and by Him did he come off “more than conqueror.”

It was about the midnight hour that, at the desire of his wife, the suggestion was made to him to obey the injunction of Christ, by commemorating His dying love in the sacrament of the Lord’s Supper. His reply was a stronger evidence of his firm faith in Christ:—“*Nothing that I could do would strengthen one jot or tittle my perfect confidence in the atonement of the Redeemer for my soul.*” Yet did he cheerfully consent to the proposal, and at that still hour of night did he receive the emblems of the broken body and shed blood of Him who “made His soul an offering for sin,” and who has bidden us “Do this in remembrance of me.” This duty performed, he awaited in serenity of soul the moment of his release. His end was indeed peaceful. Gently and without a struggle did the soul take its flight to join “the spirits of the just made perfect,” “the general assembly and church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven.”

Who of us does not long for such a close of our earthly life? Who does not exclaim, "Let my last end be like his!" Whose heart does not yearn to leave behind so precious a memory?

"O, could we copy his mild virtues, then,
What joy to live, what blessedness to die."

Yet not "his mild virtues" alone gave serenity and triumph to his dying hour. It was the might of faith in Christ, the soul's repose upon an atoning Saviour. Be this our portion in life, and we too shall fear no evil as we walk through the valley of the shadow of death, for His "rod and staff, they shall comfort us."

"O, Lord of hosts! blessed is the man whose strength is in Thee."

APPENDIX.

From the National Intelligencer.

DIED, on Friday, February 2d, at fifteen minutes before one o'clock, P.M., at his residence in this city, in the 46th year of his age, JOHN W. MAURY. He closed his earthly career in the meridian of life, and in the fruition of everything that could make life desirable. The ardent devotion of a large and most interesting family; the warm attachment of a very extended circle of friends; the admiration and confidence of a whole community; the recorded honors of high and delicate official trust, and a large fortune, the product of his industry and enterprise, were the rewards that blessed his years.

The life of this most estimable citizen was marked by a career so pure, active, unobtrusive, benevolent, and useful, that friendship, confidence, popularity, and every social tribute gathered around him, and stamped him as one of our best and most valued citizens. He had a generous heart to appreciate and treasure up these testimonials, and most unostentatiously did he wear his good eminence. His only ambition seemed to be to make himself useful in his day and generation, and to preserve an unblemished reputation. Our city, in its prosperity and improvement, and the united voice of praise and commendation, bear testimony that he worked out most successfully the end and aim of his ambition.

The deep gloom that now hangs over our city at this sad dispensation is a tribute to his memory, and the profound sympathy that is everywhere expressed is proffered to his heart-stricken family.

From the Washington Union.

A GOOD MAN GONE.

THE death of JOHN W. MAURY is an event that will fill more than one heart with sorrow. He died at his residence in this city, yesterday morning, after a brief illness. He was not yet forty-six years of age, and leaves a widow and twelve children. With all his abundant means, well earned during a life of usefulness and honor, God has deprived them of their greatest riches on earth—the husband and the father. His real wealth was, however, in himself—in that simple, chaste, and harmonious character which made his presence like a blessing, and his progress through life one calm summer's day. There was a beauty in the even consistency of his nature—in the subdued grace of his actions—in his quiet charities—in his enlarged and unostentatious public spirit, that marked him out, even among statesmen and scholars, as a distinguished man—showing that, even in the unobtrusive shades of private life, a man may grow into greatness by other qualities than those which shine best when seen and heard by the public. At home, in the hallowed atmosphere of his family, where he worshipped with unbounded affection, or in the avenues of the world, or while a candidate for the suffrages of the people, or in the expression of his opinions, he was the same gentle,

tolerant, and generous spirit. We let last evening's Globe complete this humble testimonial to A GOOD MAN:

"Died, at his residence in this city, fifteen minutes before one o'clock, P.M., to-day, of inflammation of the bowels, after a brief illness, JOHN W. MAURY, in the 46th year of his age, leaving a widow and twelve children, five sons and seven daughters, the eldest a son twenty-two years old, and the youngest a daughter between two and three years old.

"Mr. Maury was born in Caroline County, Virginia, where his parents still reside; came to this city when he was seventeen years old, and acted in the capacity of clerk. Soon after he arrived at manhood, he was elected an alderman, and served as such continuously—except in the year 1840, when he refused to be a candidate for re-election—until June, 1852, when he was elected mayor of this city, and attended assiduously to the duties of that office until last June.

"He was President of the Bank of the Metropolis, of this city, at the time of his death, which appointment he had held for many years without any opposition, or, if any, it was so feeble as not to attract such attention as to cause it to be remembered.

"It may be said, we think, without giving offence to any one, that he was the most popular man in the city, and justly so. It is believed that it may be safely and truly said he had not an enemy anywhere. If he had, the person entertaining enmity to him was ashamed to own it.

"His qualification for business and his industry enabled him to amass a considerable fortune, which he bestowed liberally on all who deserved assistance.

"The city has lost in his death one of its greatest benefactors, and the poor their best friend. He gave frequently

and liberally to the destitute. It is believed that he gave to the needy more than double what he received from the city for his services.

“The writer of this brief notice—brief for want of time to write more, not for want of facts worthy to be recorded—knew him intimately from his boyhood, and can conscientiously say that he never knew a better man.

“He was aware for twelve hours before his death that he must die in a few hours, and met death calmly and willingly.”

From the Washington News.

FUNERAL OF JOHN W. MAURY.

It is freely admitted by all who had the pleasure of being acquainted with the late Mr. MAURY, either in his public or private character, that he was one of our most valuable, amiable, and esteemed citizens. How his character is appreciated and how his loss is deplored, by persons of every grade in our community, from the Chief Magistrate of the nation to the poorest laborer in this city—how anxiously men, women and children pressed forward on the day of the funeral, to take a farewell look upon that benign countenance, with which they had been so long familiar—how many sad hearts and weeping eyes followed the deceased to his final home, and thus paid respect to his name and memory—these are reflections which spontaneously flow into the mind as we write this funeral notice. Those who attended the funeral obsequies on Sunday last, and listened to the solemn services of the mournful occasion,—more especially to the

eloquent and impressive discourse that was delivered in Trinity Church—need not to be told that never was there seen together at the funeral of any of our citizens a greater number of heart-stricken mourners.

The body was placed in a plain mahogany coffin and covered with black cloth. A silver plate on the lid was inscribed “JOHN W. MAURY, born 15th May, 1809, died 2d February, 1855.” The pall-bearers were Peter Force and W. W. Seaton, ex-Mayors, John C. Rives, George Parker, Richard Smith, W. W. Corcoran, James M. Carlisle, and Jacob Gideon. In the funeral train, as it moved from the residence of the deceased across the street to Trinity Church, we noticed the physicians of the family, Dr. May and Dr. Jones, the officiating clergymen, Rev. Mr. Cummins and the Rev. Dr. Smith; the Rev. Mr. Slicer, the Rev. Dr. Hill, and the Rev. Mr. Eliot, visiting clergymen. The Washington National Monument Society, the Mayor of Washington and officers of the Corporation, the Board of Aldermen, the Board of Common Council, and the officers of the Bank of the Metropolis, followed in the mournful procession.

Trinity Church was filled to its utmost capacity, and many there were who, not being able to get inside, were disappointed at not having an opportunity to hear the eloquent funeral discourse, which was delivered by the pastor. In the church were noticed the President of the United States, several Senators and Members of Congress. Among the latter was also noticed the venerable Thomas H. Benton.

CORPORATION OF WASHINGTON.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN,

Saturday, February 3, 1855.

THE Board met pursuant to a call by the Mayor.

Present: Messrs. Magruder, Dove, Reed, Borrows, Evans, Hill, Pepper, Fitzpatrick, Houston, Clarke, and Marks.

The CHAIR laid before the Board the following communication from the Mayor:

MAYOR'S OFFICE, February 3, 1855.

TO THE BOARD OF ALDERMEN AND BOARD OF COMMON COUNCIL.

GENTLEMEN:—I have requested you to assemble to-day for the purpose of officially announcing to you the death of ex-Mayor JOHN W. MAURY (which took place yesterday about noon), in order to afford you an opportunity to pay that public tribute to his memory which is eminently due for his long, faithful, and valuable services in the Councils of the city, and as its former Chief Magistrate.

Many of us have been associated with him in the Councils, have enjoyed the pleasure of intimate intercourse with him, and been honored with his friendship. There are few who have had better opportunities of forming an estimate of his character and his services, public and private, and I am confident by none will his loss be more deeply deplored.

I shall be ready to unite with you in the sentiments of respect which you may deem to be due to his memory.

Respectfully,

JOHN T. TOWERS,

Mayor.

Which communication was read; when—

A message was received from the Board of Common

Council, stating that they had passed a resolution referring the Mayor's communication of this day to a joint committee, and had appointed Messrs. BUSEY, BARR, and DUNCANSON the committee on the part of that Board.

The said resolution from the Board of Common Council was taken up, read, and adopted; and Messrs. PEPPER and MAGRUDER were appointed the committee on the part of this Board.

Mr. PEPPER, from the said joint committee, reported the following resolutions, viz.:

Whereas, we have learned with profound sorrow and regret of the death of our fellow-townsmen, JOHN W. MAURY, former Mayor of this city: Therefore—

Resolved, &c., That we tender to the family of the deceased the heartfelt condolence of the authorities and people of this city.

Resolved, That we sympathize with the people of this city in the mournful sensations caused by his untimely demise.

Resolved, That the Mayor, Board of Aldermen, and Board of Common Council, and Officers of this Corporation will attend the funeral in a body, and wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days; and that the people of this city be requested to unite with us in these melancholy ceremonies.

Resolved, That the Mayor be respectfully requested to communicate a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased, and cause the same to be published in the city papers.

TRIBUTES OF RESPECT TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE JOHN W. MAURY.

AT a meeting of the Wardens and Vestry of Trinity Parish, held on Monday, the 5th instant, the following resolutions were presented by Hon. J. M. BRODHEAD, and, on motion of E. L. CHILDS, Esq., unanimously adopted, viz.:

Whereas, since our last meeting it has pleased Almighty God to remove, by death, JOHN W. MAURY, one of the most efficient and beloved members of this Vestry; therefore,

Resolved, That, bowing reverently to the decree of Him who cannot err, we mourn for the excellence that has left us, and bear our testimony to the surpassing nobleness and purity of his character, which shone alike in life and death—a character harmonious, beautiful, and just.

Resolved, That, as a member of this Vestry, and as a citizen, Mr. Maury was ever ready in every good word and work, sustaining the welfare of the Church and of society with an open hand and loving heart, with simple dignity and manly candor—with benevolence equalled only by his modesty—inspiring respect by his intelligence, and winning hearts by his kindness. We will cherish his unspotted name, and strive to imitate his noble example.

Resolved, That, while we offer to the bereaved family of our dear friend and late associate our heartfelt sympathy in their great affliction, we trust they may find consolation in the same holy faith that sustained him in the hour of death; and that when they too shall depart hence, they may rejoin him in that better land where “all is peace.”

Resolved, That these proceedings be entered on the records

of the Vestry and published, and that a copy thereof be transmitted to the family of Mr. Maury.

G. D. CUMMINS,

Rector, T. P.

FRED. KOONES,

Register T. P.

AT a Special Meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Bank of the Metropolis, on Saturday afternoon, the 3d February, 1855, Gen. JAMES THOMPSON was appointed Chairman, and RICHARD SMITH, Secretary.

The death of JOHN W. MAURY, President of the Board, having been announced, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted :

Whereas, the Board of Trustees of this Bank have heard with deep and unfeigned sorrow and regret, of the death, after a brief illness, of their late excellent and esteemed President, JOHN W. MAURY, who has presided over their deliberations for nearly nine years, and was associated with them in the management of the Bank for many years previous, and who, by his attention to the duties of his office, his care of the interest of the stockholders, and his uniform courtesy and kind deportment to all with whom he was connected in business, won the regard and affection of his associates, and of the community generally; and whereas it is the desire of the said trustees to express, in common with the whole community, their sorrow for the loss they have sustained: Therefore,

Resolved, That the Bank be clothed in mourning; that the trustees and officers of the Bank will attend his funeral

in a body, and will wear the usual badge of mourning on the left arm for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That this Board offer to his afflicted family their sincere condolence for the great loss which they have sustained.

And resolved further, That a copy of these proceedings be sent to the family of the deceased, and published in the papers of the city.

JAMES THOMPSON,

Chairman. .

Attest: RICHARD SMITH,

Secretary.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of Columbian College, held on February 2, 1855, Col. EDWARDS, President of the Board, in the chair, it was, on motion of Dr. WM. GUNTON,

Resolved, unanimously, That a committee be appointed to express our grief and regret at the unexpected death of JOHN W. MAURY, Esq., one of the members of this Board.

In compliance with which resolution, the committee would desire to add its public tribute of respect to the memory of Mr. Maury, and to claim a part in the general condolence offered to his family and immediate friends on this mournful occasion.

As a gentleman of unblemished reputation, liberal in his charities and benevolent in his disposition, possessed of a large and enlightened public spirit, and valued for his public services, we feel that the event of his death is to be regarded as a calamity in this community, where for many years he has lived as one of its ornaments; and that his amiable

intercourse, marked by so much urbanity of manners and kindness of heart, will be no less missed from the circles in which he moved among the sociabilities of life, than his charities and counsels from his sphere as a citizen.

We recognise in this event an additional proof of the uncertainty of life, and of the truth of the inspired declaration that "man at his best estate is altogether vanity;" and we would lay to heart the lessons which Divine Providence reads in it to all.

We would especially tender our sympathies to his afflicted family, who have lost a husband and father most faithful and devoted, and commend them to the shielding care and paternal blessing of Him who is the husband of the widow, and in whom the fatherless find mercy.

By a vote of the Board, it was

Resolved, That this expression of respect be entered on its journals, published, and communicated to the afflicted family of the deceased.

STEPHEN P. HILL,

Chairman.

WASHINGTON NATIONAL MONUMENT OFFICE,

February 3, 1855.

At a meeting of the Board of Managers of the Washington National Monument Society, held this day, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

The Board of Managers of the Washington National Monument Society have heard, with deep regret, of the death of JOHN W. MAURY, their late valued and esteemed colleague. Regarding his death as no less a public loss than an irreparable bereavement to his large domestic circle, the

Board of Managers perform a sad and melancholy duty in passing the following resolutions :

Resolved, That they will, in a body, attend the funeral of their late colleague.

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Board be directed to communicate to the family of the deceased a copy of these resolutions, as a recorded testimony of the affectionate esteem in which he was held personally and officially by every individual of his colleagues.

True copy from journal :

F. W. ECKLOFF,

Clerk.

METROPOLITAN RAILROAD OFFICE,

Georgetown, February 6, 1855.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Board of Directors, held this day, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted :

The Board of Directors of the Metropolitan Railroad Company, finding themselves deprived by death of one of their most estimable members, deem it proper to give expression to their feelings in the following resolutions :

Resolved, That this Board find themselves unable to express the deep regret they experience on account of the removal, by death, of their late estimable and much-beloved co-laborer, JOHN W. MAURY; that in his death they have sustained an irreparable loss, and the Railroad a firm and valuable friend; and they can but respond to the already universally accorded sentiment, that the community have been deprived of a member whose place cannot easily be filled.

Resolved, That the sympathies of this Board are hereby extended to the afflicted family of our deceased friend.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published, and that the Secretary of this Board be directed to communicate a copy of the same to Mrs. Maury.

F. DODGE,
President.

J. W. DEEBLE,
Secretary.

At a meeting of the Jamestown Society, of the City of Washington, held at the United States Hotel, on Saturday evening, April 21, 1855, the following resolutions, offered by Major James M. M'Rae, were unanimously adopted, viz.:

Resolved, That we deeply deplore the removal from time to eternity of our esteemed friend and brother member, JOHN W. MAURY, a gentleman who had ever at heart the honor and glory of his native State, and that we shall ever hold in remembrance his honorable bearing and unsullied worth.

Resolved, that a copy of this resolution be transmitted to the family of our deceased friend.

P. R. FENDALL,
President.

C. W. C. DUNNINGTON,
Recording Secretary.

THOUGHTS

SUGGESTED AT THE FUNERAL OF JOHN W. MAURY, ESQ.

IT was the holy Sabbath, and heaven and earth
 Conspired to honor the lamented dead.
 The clear and cloudless sky hung its blue curtains,
 Concealing from mortals the realms of immortality ;
 While the glorious sun, proud in his majesty and strength,
 Trod undismayed, with unfaltering step, to his resting-place.
 This visible token of Omnipotence and mercy,
 Whose unostentatious but certain charities bless all alike,
 Stood brightly o'er a bereaved people, whose *own sun*
 Had set, to rise not on to-morrow,
 To cheer the hovel of the poor, nor bless the widow's heart,
 Nor guide the outcast orphan, friendless, in the walks of men !
 Thus heaven kindly lent itself, while a nation's capital
 Poured forth its thousands, to join in the last sad offices of woe—
 The melancholy tribute of the living to the dead !
 In that vast concourse all conditions of all men were found ;
 The nation's Executive was there, and there the Representatives
 Of all the people and the Sovereign States ;
 The ministers of Kings and Emperors were there,
 And from poverty's obscurest nook the poor came forth,
 To drop a rustic tear over *their* departed friend !
 His generous heart no more shall dilate at their tale of woe ;
 His ear no more shall listen to their sigh of grief ;
 The hand so oft outstretched and full with charity
 Lies palsied now upon his manly breast !
 'Tis well to mourn the loss of nature's rarest children thus !
 The great and mighty ones of earth lose nought
 In this tribute due to one who was their equal
 In *true nobility*—a good and an honest man !

And thus the poor assert the dignity of human nature,
 Which misfortune cannot stifle, nor poverty suppress !
 Life has its triumphs, and so has death its victories !
 The conqueror, at whose feet nations lie prostrate,
 Is flattered in the subjugation, and thousands court
 His smile, his nod, his favor !
 The world makes haste to herald forth his fame—
 To bind his brow with the green laurel's leaf,
 And crown him with purple, and the index of royal majesty !
 Enthroned, he dictates to the world, and it bows
 To every mandate of his will, most willingly !
 Power thus swayed, and ambition sated thus,
 Have nought in them so honorable and so to be desired
 As this tribute of respect in life—
 The tear of oft-relieved misfortune when we die !
 Deny me all else beside, but grant me this, kind Heaven !
 Be my fame the eulogy of the poor ; my highest honor
 And reward the consciousness of a well-spent life !
 Like him whose burial prompts these feeble words,
 Let those whom I had comforted in distress,
 And relieved in want, be among my mourners !

C.

WASHINGTON CITY, February 5, 1855.

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